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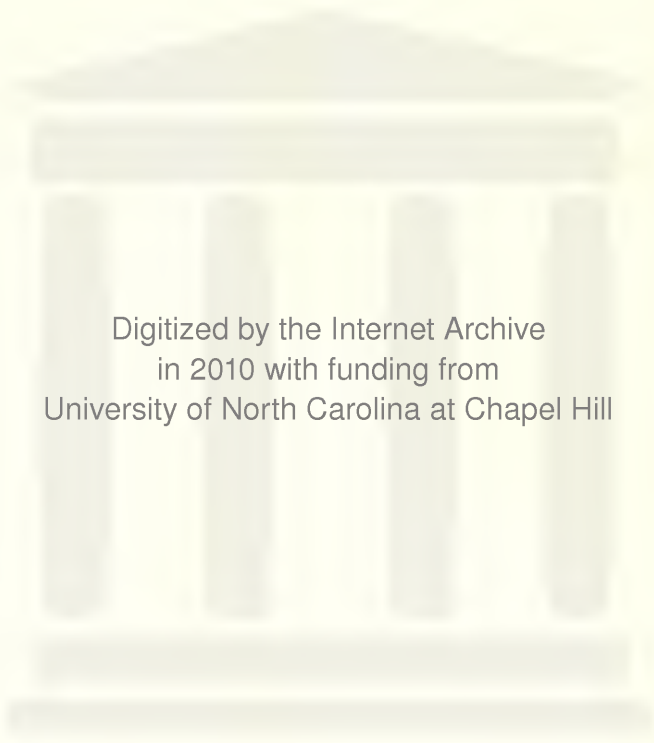
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A D D R E S S

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

TWO LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,

JUNE 4, 1851.

BY

W. W. AVERY, ESQ.

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Published by order of the Dialectic Society.  
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RALEIGH:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM W. HOLDEN.

1851.

DIALECTIC HALL, June 5th, 1851.

SIR :

The undersigned have been appointed, on behalf of the Dialectic Society, to return you its most sincere thanks for the able and interesting Address delivered by you on yesterday, and to request a copy for publication.

Permit us, Sir, in communicating the wish of our Society, to add our personal solicitations, and indulge the hope that you will grant their request.

With very great respect,

LEON. F. SILER,
LEGH R. WADDELL,
THOS. L. WILLIAMSON,
Committee.

W. W. AVERY, Esq.

CHAPEL HILL, June 6th, 1851.

GENTLEMEN :

I am in receipt of your polite favor of the 5th instant, communicating the wishes of the Dialectic Society, touching the publication of the Address delivered by me before the two Literary Societies, on the day preceding the late Commencement.

I enclose you a copy of the Address ; and, in doing so, permit me to express my regret that it is not more worthy the flattering notice which the Society proposes to bestow upon it.

Accept my acknowledgments for the kind terms in which you have conveyed the request for its publication, and believe me to be,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. W. AVERY.

MESSRS. L. F. SILER,
L. R. WADDELL,
T. L. WILLIAMSON.

A D D R E S S .

GENTLEMEN OF THE PHILANTHROPIC AND DIALECTIC SOCIETIES :

In attempting to follow the path of those eminent men, who have gained fresh laurels, and enhanced reputations already exalted, by their lessons of wisdom and instruction, imparted at the annual festivals of our Alma Mater, I must claim much from your indulgence.

I cannot flatter myself that an Address, prepared amid the avocations of a professional life, affording few hours of leisure for literary pursuits, will conform to the cultivated taste of those who are accustomed to see this position occupied by Statesmen and Orators, and to hear, from the lips of Genius and Learning, an instructive expression of the spirit of the occasion. But I indulge the hope, that the *sincerity* with which I offer this tribute of homage at the shrine of Science and Learning, will command your approval, though I may fail to send this brilliant assemblage of talent, intelligence, and beauty, to their homes, in a mood of perfect gratification.

From the broad plain of Philosophical Inquiry—from the wide field of Literary Speculation—and from the extended domain of Science and Art, various subjects arise, that would be attractive to the speaker, and which are commended to his consideration by the pre-eminence usually given to them as themes for discussion at literary anniversaries; but your well-stored libraries furnish sources for acquisition in all the departments of

learning, far more accurate and lucid than any dissertation, comprised in the condensed form of an Address, however elaborate the argument, and though its reasoning might be presented in all the brilliancy and glow, and with all the intensity of eloquence. Books are the real sources of all learning. They perpetuate truth—they record the discoveries in science. And when the truths they contain are expounded, and the discoveries they record are illustrated, by the wise and learned men who direct your studies *here*, no more “royal road to learning” can be devised; and the youth may well despair of attaining excellence, who sighs for other channels of instruction.

The speaker, on an occasion like this, can aspire to no higher purpose than an earnest effort to give fresh impulse to the mind of ingenuous youth, in its search after knowledge, by impressing upon it the conviction, that the attainment of excellence in all things is not only a high moral and personal duty, but is likewise an obligation of patriotism, imposed by the State whose bounty is enjoyed. This latter obligation it is my intention to enforce, by the highest considerations which can influence man’s actions with reference to his duties on earth; and, in that connection, to inculcate the sentiment, and, if possible, to engender the feeling of *State Pride*.

And here allow me to premise, that I do not intend to discuss any creed of political ethics, in its usual acceptation, or mar the harmony of this festive scene by mingling with its ceremonials the discordant elements of party strife. I wish to present this sentiment to your consideration, in its best and highest sense, as worthy of all commendation, and a fit companion in the patriot’s bosom, for those holy influences which awaken *there*,

reverence for, and devotion to his God. And having chosen this subject for the purpose of enabling me to speak freely, and describe fully to you the condition of that State upon whose soil you were born, whose career you may hereafter direct and control, and of whose wants and interests you cannot be too early advised, I shall discuss, at its proper place, the probable influence which the active existence of this feeling in North Carolina would exercise over her future destiny.

State pride is an active desire to see our immediate country prosperous and happy. It has its origin in that love for the land of our birth, which is one of the strongest instincts of our nature, and incites nobler actions, and induces greater sacrifices, than any other impulse of man's bosom. Love of birth-place and home, is developed simultaneously with those warm affections for parents—brothers—friends, that exist around the family hearth, and which, if cultivated, cluster ever after about the human heart. As association expands the scope of affection, this feeling extends to the social system around us, and is gradually enlarged, until it comprises within its devotion the entire Government of the country we inhabit. No Government has ever retained the allegiance of its citizens where this sentiment has languished; and no country has flourished where it was not taught as a principle, cherished as a passion, and made subordinate only to religion, in the ardor with which it glowed in the bosom of the people. But the force and efficiency of this feeling, in controlling our actions, stimulating high resolves, and securing the sacrifice of individual interest to the public good, depends upon the extent of the area of its operation. And in order to make it active, effective, and self-sacrificing—I speak with reference to the

public weal—that area should be circumscribed by fixed and definite boundaries, and must not be too extensive, for each successive enlargement of the circle of its sympathy weakens its intensity, precisely as our affection for family—relative—friend—countryman, becomes less ardent as it diverges from the principal focus of concentration.

The division of the vast territory of our Republic into States, with known and fixed boundaries, and having the entire control of their own internal police and government, thereby concentrating the actions, thoughts, and affections of their people, while it constitutes the strength and beauty of our political system, is likewise the chief element of the prosperity of our Republic. As liberal competition between individuals, in the race for honorable distinction, is the greatest incentive to success, so does the generous rivalry among the members of our family of States, in their contest for pre-eminence in improving and ameliorating the condition of their people, ensure to each greater progress in the march of improvement; and the aggregate of character and prosperity thus attained by the several States, imparts to the Republic the glory and grandeur of its national character.

Much of the well-merited renown acquired by our arms upon the plains of Mexico, may be ascribed to the noble emulation which was excited in the bosoms of the several corps of patriotic soldiers, representing the different States of the Union. Marching under a banner, clothed in the emblems, and inscribed with the motto of *his* State, each citizen-soldier approached the field of battle, proudly conscious that her honor and character were confided to his keeping; and, as he beheld his brethren from the other States unfurling their respec-

tive banners, and marshalling themselves beneath their folds, he resolved, with a hero's spirit, that the flag of his native State should be foremost in the van, whilst a single hand was left to carry and defend it.

Thus inspirited, the citizen-soldier of America has proved himself invincible. And if the same noble spirit of emulation, existing and operating in the civil departments of life, would animate and direct the people of all the States in this Union, what limit could human prophecy affix to their intellectual, social, political, and moral advancement! Would to God that our beloved State thrilled from centre to circumference with the inspiration of this spirit! Would that I could this day enkindle in your bosoms the regenerating spark! For I am *here* to speak for North Carolina—to appeal from her children whose generation is passing away, to those whose generation will soon succeed them; and if I shall speak plainly and boldly, it is because all that I am—all that I have—and all that the future has in store for me, are *hers*, and from my full and perfect consciousness of loyalty to her institutions and her interests, I claim the privilege of telling you the *truth*, and recounting the simple story of her wrongs.

North Carolina commenced her career as a member of this Union with an average share of the wealth, intelligence, and virtue, then existing among the Colonies. And it is true, she has increased in population—in wealth—in intelligence—in most of the elements that constitute the greatness of a State. But has that increase been commensurate with the progress of the world around us? Is she not immeasurably behind many of her compeers? While she pauses, after short and convulsive efforts at progress, are not her proud sisters moving onward in their career, and widening

the distance which separates her from them ! Do you require evidence that she occupies a position so low in the scale of progress ? As a primary question, I ask you, Where are the memorials of her advancement ? Where are the works of public improvement, proportionate to the resources and means of her people, attesting their public spirit ! A few partial works of improvement in one section, struggling into precarious existence, and sustained alone by their small band of Spartan projectors, and a *single grand scheme* progressing, which has been saved from positive failure only by unparalleled exertions, although a munificent subscription had been made by the State to aid its consummation—these are the only monuments of their public spirit.

Where are the magnificent schemes of private enterprize, the results of individual or associated effort, exhibiting the energy of a thriving population ? A few manufactories here and there, without facilities for transportation, and with indifferent patrons, who prefer to purchase every thing from abroad, are the only reflections from the fields of enterprize in a State where one portion of her population are never beyond the sound or echo of a waterfall, whilst *all* of them are daily, hourly, surrounded by the elements of steam.

Where are the flourishing cities, dotting an extended seaboard—marts for the commerce of the world, and reflecting the world's intelligence to the interior ? Let the struggles of the spirited citizens of a single town, whose noble and manly efforts should be rewarded, for a season at least, with half the trade that floats upon the ocean, answer the question.

Where are the striking exhibitions of our inventive genius, indicating the skill of our artizans in mechanism ?

The Patent Office answers, that few testimonials of *our* enterprize or skill are spread upon its records, and tells the painful story, that we are spending the hard earnings of our industry in purchasing from abroad the poor privilege of using the inventions of others.

In that grand panorama of the art and industry of the civilized world, now being exhibited across the Atlantic, what niche or corner is occupied by specimens of art and industry, or even by the productions of agriculture, from North Carolina? I hope that no stranger from abroad, no citizen from our sister States, will ask *you* that question, for *you* will blush to answer it.

What have we accomplished in the great cause of popular education? What expenditures have we made to disseminate intelligence among the mass of our people, and thereby lay deep and broad the foundations of popular freedom? We received a fund from abroad, in terms a loan, but in effect a donation. We established a system of Common Schools and devoted that fund to their maintenance. The fund has proved inadequate to give life and vitality to the system, and, instead of increasing it from our own abundant resources, and quieting the public mind by enlarging it to an amount sufficient to meet the wants of all sections, we are calmly witnessing a contest touching its distribution, that may terminate either in the destruction of the system itself, or in the alienation of the affections of our people from each other. And, pending this prolonged conflict, the great cause languishes, almost to stagnation, because the mass of our people have abandoned schools founded upon private subscription, in the confident expectation that their children would be allowed the privilege of drinking deep from the fountains of public instruction.

It is true, we have this "time-honored University," a lasting monument of the wisdom and liberality of its founders, and left to us, by them, as the richest heritage they could bestow; and each generation of young men, as they have successively sought its advantages, have been advanced in the various departments of learning, and all that wise instruction and rigorous discipline could accomplish, in cultivating their minds, tempering their imaginations, and purifying their hearts, has been well and nobly performed *here*. But, in return for all this, what contributions have been made to Literature, to Science, or to Art?

Where is North Carolina's Literature, beyond the altars that surround us *now*?

The important records of her own Colonial History are not yet even compiled, and the most memorable events connected with her career, either lie mouldering in musty parchments, or exist alone in a tradition, that the stream of time will soon render too imperfect a medium for transmitting to posterity the truths of History. Her mountains, streams, and vallies, abound in legends and traditionary lore—blending the cruelties and barbarities of Indian warfare, and the stoic heroism of savage warriors, with the trials, sufferings, and ultimate triumphs of our forefathers—with all that is picturesque and beautiful in nature around them to inspire the genius of Poetry and awaken the spirit of Romance. Yet, how few are the scenes consecrated to the Muses! And still more rare, the incidents in her early career, which have been moulded, by the plastic hand of Fiction, "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

Where are her discoveries in Science, or the instances of her application of its established principles, in improved forms, to promote the comfort or happiness

of mankind ! She has ascended the platform which others have erected, but seeks not, by the simple light of her own genius, to explore the ascent beyond.

Where are her specimens of Art, sketched by a Raphael's pencil, or springing life-like from a Canova's chisel ? The one exists only in the unreflected beauties of nature ; the other lies buried in her numberless quarries of native marble, which not even the hand of Utility, much less the finger of Taste, has yet pointed out for exploration.

Where, in fine, are all those other imposing testimonials, indicating the growth, prosperity, and power of a flourishing Commonwealth ? The Statesman and Philanthropist will find them nowhere within our borders, unless they exist in the latent and undeveloped energies of our people.

This picture of the condition of our beloved State, gloomy and lamentable as it may be, is literally true. I've extenuated nothing, "nor set down aught in malice." Had I loved her less, I should not dare, thus rudely, to draw aside the veil and expose her deformities. But there is a fault somewhere, and there is a remedy. I invite your attention whilst I seek the one and explain the other.

The torpor which I may have made painfully manifest to you, cannot be ascribed to any inferiority in the mental or physical organization of our people ; they are, in the main, Anglo-Saxon in their origin, claiming descent from an ancestry common alike to most of the citizens of the other States in the Union ; and we can divine no cause that would render the descendants within our territory less vigorous in mind or body than their forefathers. It cannot be attributed to any peculiarity in our institutions and form of government, for

the most prosperous States that surround us are blessed with the same institutions, and governed by the same general policy.

The character of our soil has not dispirited, nor has our climate enervated, our population. The soil, in return for the labors of the husbandman, yields an abundant harvest, and is no less remarkable for the quantity than the infinite variety of its productions; whilst the climate, without creating any perceptible change in the temperaments or characteristics of our people, is so modified, in different sections, that snow-clouds float upon our mountains at the same time that flowers brought from the tropics are blooming on our Eastern shore, and exhaling sweet odours beneath a Summer's sun. The absence of public virtue, nor practice of vice and immorality, can not have blunted the moral sense of her population, for in no other State is virtue more highly appreciated—integrity so scrupulously practised—vice more generally reprobated—and crime so certainly punished. The torpor of the *Body Politic* of which I speak, has its origin in none of these causes, but results from the total want of State Pride among our people, in the sense that I have considered it.

The *extinction* of this sentiment—or I should rather say *decay*, for I hope the germ still exists—has been occasioned, in an eminent degree, by the course and action of the prominent public men in our State, who give tone to, and control public opinion; and, in arraigning *them* at the bar of that public opinion which they have misdirected, and holding *them* responsible for the dire consequences to our most vital interests, which have followed in the train of their conduct and example, I intend no injustice to the living—I mean no disrespect to the dead. On the contrary, if time

permitted, it would be a pleasing as well as a grateful task, whilst awakening the slumbering energies of the one, to canonize the virtues of the other. We have had—we now have Patriots, Statesmen, and Orators, whose love of country, talents, and eloquence, would render them ornaments to any State; but, in selecting objects for the peculiar devotion of their patriotism, and in choosing theatres for the exercise and display of their talents and eloquence, they have, in my humble judgment, committed a most grievous error, and *that error* I shall summon the boldness to expose.

There exists in this Republic the singular, yet, as time has shown, consistent anomaly of two Governments operating within the several States at the same time, and intended to work harmoniously in the same system—one domestic, acting directly upon the immediate interests of its citizens, in the protection of their persons and property—the other chiefly foreign, having its powers defined by express delegation, and entering the domestic circle only in specified instances, where that invasion is necessary to consummate the main and principal purpose contemplated in its creation. The discussion of the extent and nature of the powers thus delegated to the latter, and of the propriety of their exercise under various circumstances, has originated political parties, organized with reference to these questions. Such parties, when founded upon principle, arraying men who honestly differ in opinion on opposite sides of questions of national policy, and, when confined to the legitimate purpose of advancing issues thus made, are eminently conservative. Their conflicts elicit truth and expose error, and no patriot can regret their existence, or will refuse connection and affiliation with them. Solon incorporated a provision

in the Athenian code, requiring every man to take one side or the other in the discussion and ultimate decision of public questions, in order to secure the wisdom and counsel of virtuous men. These questions of a national character are sometimes of great magnitude, involving the rights of the States, the fate of the Union, yea, the existence of Constitutional liberty itself, and, in such emergencies, they demand the highest consideration from every citizen in the respective States; but they are oftentimes mere ephemeral issues, creating a momentary excitement and then passing away, having affected, in no serious respect, the general welfare. In no instance, however, can the internal regulations and local interests of any one of the States be made subordinate and inferior in the scale of importance, to questions and issues pertaining to the Federal Government, without retarding the progress and endangering the future welfare of the particular State whose public sentiment may be thus misdirected.

It has been the misfortune of our State, that her statesmen, and leading men generally, have given to national issues, whether momentous or ephemeral, apparent precedence in their regard. By speeches, essays, and personal appeal, they have directed the attention of our people so habitually and constantly to these subjects, that many of our citizens regard *them* as the only questions demanding peculiar consideration; and believing, from the prominence always accorded to national politics, that the Federal head at Washington is the only source of life and vitality to our system—that our national councils is the only true medium of wise legislation—and that national glory is the only altar at which a patriot should offer oblations, they have ceased to manifest that anxious zeal for the local

prosperity of their State, which untutored nature itself would otherwise have prompted them to feel and exhibit.

By the example of her Statesmen, our young men of genius and talent, as they respectively enter the grand drama of life, turn aside from the paths of Literature—desert the investigations of Science—forsake the cultivation of Art—repudiate the homely avocations of Commerce, Trade, and Mechanical Industry, and seek political life as affording and opening the only sure avenue to fame; or those pursuits alone are chosen, which may eventually lead the young aspirants to political honors.

Under the instruction of her Patriots, the patriotism of our people has been extended over a wider surface, but it is wholly ineffectual for good, because the strength of their local attachments has been impaired. Her citizens abandon their homes and firesides without regret, with positive indifference, and, carrying with them wealth, intelligence, and virtue, learn, in some more favored State, to feel and cherish a devotion to the immediate government which protects them, that would have had no kindred feeling *here*. The wealth thus abstracted is enriching every soil—the intelligence thus lost is enlightening every cabinet—and the virtue thus removed is adorning every social circle, in this wide-spread Union. Not only is our State thus impoverished by a continuous ebb-tide of the principal elements of prosperity, but she has not even the consolation of knowing that she will retain the affections and sympathies of her departing sons; for the only testimonials furnished us, after their departure, that the land of their birth holds a place in their memories, are numerous epistolary supplications, imploring their friends

whom they leave behind to follow their footsteps, and abandon a State that has not sufficient public spirit to gain and maintain such a position as will secure the affections and command the allegiance of her people.

Our leading men hear, without rebuke, the State pride of an adjoining State denounced as presumption and arrogance, and although it may be esteemed by fastidious persons to be somewhat overweening, yet even *they* must concede, that it has thrown her population in advance of their unpretending neighbors. They hear, without reproof, the "boasted chivalry" of our brethren in another State ridiculed, and the spirit which prompts its display condemned as weakness and vanity, whilst it is apparent to the most casual observer, that, however objectionable may sometimes be the manner of its exhibition, their pervading love and devotion to their own State have elevated their characters and improved their condition.

We are thus taught to respond to no suggestions of patriotism within our own bosoms, unless it embraces within its scope an entire continent, and comprehends within its sympathy twenty millions of people. And is it surprising that, whilst thus stationary, awaiting the growth and full development of an expanded love of country, our

"Way of life is fallen into the sear,
The yellow leaf,"

and that the impulsive energies, which alone build up a State, should be nipped by the frosts of age before our affections and sympathies can attain the haven of a world-wide patriotism?

I will not exhaust your patience, by pointing out in detail all the evil consequences which have resulted

from the unfortunate prominence given to party questions, and to which our Statesmen—men of honor, virtue, and intelligence—have either actively or passively contributed. But I hazard nothing in affirming, that if half the toil, research, and eloquence, which have been expended, through a series of years, in the party conflicts I have described, had been devoted to the promotion of the local prosperity of North Carolina, I would not now be engaged in making this appeal to her children on her behalf; but, on the contrary, with a brilliant *present* to animate, and a glorious *future* to cheer me, I might have indulged in strains of eulogy, as truthful, if not so extravagant and gorgeous, as was the panegyric upon Athens of “the old man eloquent,” who devoted fifteen years to its composition.

My young friends, the hopes of our “good old State” are now concentrated in her young men, and I impress it upon you, as a duty of paramount obligation, to cultivate the sentiment of State pride. This feeling may be cherished with patriotic ardor, without impairing the force of any obligation imposed by the Federal Constitution. It will loosen no chord, and weaken no tie, that should bind your affections to the Union of the States; and whilst it abates no portion of that general interest which we must feel in the happiness of all who live with us in the same Republic, it will imbue you with unfaltering devotion to your native State, her institutions and her people. Such devotion, and such devotion *only*, will preserve our territory from depopulation, or save those who may remain upon our soil from degrading inferiority, in the eyes of our brethren in the other States, and in the estimation of the civilized world. I have delineated faithfully and truly the *actual condition* of the State; *you* have looked upon the

picture: *I* can add nothing that will heighten its impression. As Antony exposed before his countrymen the corpse of Cæsar, reeking with blood, and thereby excited their minds to mutiny and rage, so I present before you the *Body Politic* of your native State, bleeding from a hundred *wounds*, and ask that *their* "dumb mouths" may speak for me. If *their* mute eloquence awaken not your sympathies, no human language could touch your hearts.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:

Life's young dream is over, and you stand upon the verge of a new and untried existence. A few years ago, I stood where you now stand, and looked out upon the dark vista before me with the same emotions, and with the same fond hopes that animate your bosoms. The companions of my boyhood were around me. We thought deeply of the future for the first time, and spoke freely, for our hearts were full. We parted in tears: but the hope expressed, and the promise made, that we should meet again, and often, soon brought sunshine where clouds before had hung. We promised, at the altars of our youthful friendships, to make pilgrimages to this shrine of our early worship, and compare together, amid our College scenes, the incidents of life's journey. *I* am here to-day, and in looking over this vast assemblage, how few are the faces, once familiar to me *here*, that now meet my gaze! My compeers, with one or two exceptions, are all absent; and, whilst death has, here and there, selected from among them some brilliant victim for sacrifice, the greater number are still living, in all the freshness and vigor of manhood. But they are gone, and you ask whither? They have been carried from our associations and our

counsels, by that spirit of emigration, which has been more destructive to the vital interests of our beloved State than "war, pestilence, and famine." They had gone forth from these classic shades, with no thought beyond the limits of their native State, for their plans of happiness, their dreams of love, and their schemes of ambition, were all *then* confined within her boundaries; and they left not their homes until an effort was made for the fulfilment of young life's plans. They sought happiness among the friends of their youth, and upon the soil which gave them birth, and were willing to have enjoyed it—where alone, in this world, it can be found—in the wages of labor and industry; but their search was fruitless: our fields of energy and enterprise were unexplored; no hand was raised to help; no voice cheered them on; they turned, disheartened, and sought Ambition's goal; they found *it* only amid the dark and angry waves of party strife, where aspirants innumerable stood expectant, each insatiate for the spoils. That theatre was abandoned, and they went to Beauty's shrine, and there in humble adoration knelt. Their dream of Love *alone* of all their plans, and schemes, and dreams, a full fruition had. Beauty's prize was won; and now that Beauty, in other climes, lends such grace, elegance, and taste, to life's domestic scenes, as have no parallel elsewhere than here in the same old State, where your brightest dreams of love may likewise be fully realized.

The world is now open before you, and it will soon become your imperative duty to select, from its varied avocations, some honorable pursuit, adapted to your tastes and talents. If you have genius, combined with literary taste, pardon the earnest invocation which I now offer, that you devote yourselves to literary pur-

suits as a patriotic duty. Your own State needs the soul-stirring, life-pervading influence of literary men. She cannot float safely in that impetuous stream of Progress, upon which I would have you launch her, without Science and Learning at the helm. The Progress of which I speak is but the development of the public mind, sharpened by collision, and expanded by unremitting devotion to particular objects. The enlarged scope of mental vision by means of steam—the Press—and the Telegraph, has afforded the field of conflict, whilst the vast accumulation of human interests, and the astounding discoveries in science and art have given the impulse, and furnished the incitements to mental activity. Thus operated upon, the human mind is intensely active. Whether devoted to purposes of good, or perverted to the generation of mischief, its motto is action, and its march irresistibly onward. We have new theories of government, new theories of the world's formation, new theories of man's creation. We have new theories of ethics, new philosophies of life, and new systems of religion. The changeful hues of the creations of mind impart to human affairs an ever-varying aspect. In this mighty revolution—social, moral, political—agitating the whole earth's surface, we require the guidance of liberal education and scientific research. Your whole country needs the influence of a sound American literature. Launched on the stream of Progress, among nations of a thousand years' duration, without hereditary wealth or fixed prerogatives of any kind, and with a novel form of government, the United States demands a literature peculiarly her own—a literature essentially republican—to give support, steadiness, and buoyancy to the majestic vessel of State during the boundless voyage before us.

To enable you to lay the foundation of such a literature as would meet the demands of your age and country, you must not only have the genius to discover truth and detect fallacy, but you must have varied learning, cultivated taste, and elevated morals, and above all, the high moral courage to attack and refute those sophisms in morals and religion that may endanger our social welfare, or the perpetuity of our peculiar institutions. Years of toil and research must be the portion of those who may contribute to found such a literature, but immortality will be their reward; and I could wish my native State no future more glorious, than that your generation might make her territory the scene for such labors.

Patriotic ambition would dictate this career. But whatever direction you may give your talents, abandon not your native land! Cling, with filial devotion, to the soil of your State. She has nurtured your childhood; she has sustained and cherished your early manhood; she has cultivated your minds, improved your morals, and protected your persons. She now offers you her entire domain as a theatre for your ambition—a benificent Government for your support—and a virtuous people for your companions. And, in return, asks only that you remain upon her soil—give her the benefit of your counsels—help, when she declines—impel, as she advances. If you have patriotism, how strong is her appeal to your affections and sympathies! If you have State pride, that appeal will be irresistible. Fulfil, then, a bright destiny in some department of excellence within her borders, and the plaudits of a grateful people will hail you as Benefactors and Patriots.



